THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

VOL. I.] *PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, 15th of Sixth Month,* 1805. [No. 27.

The price of the Evening Fire-side is three dollars per annum.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

" Know ye were born to range yon azure field
" In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave—
" Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
" The sting from death, the victory from the grave."
MASON.

Notwithstanding the bright visions of Immortality which are opened to us by the Gospel, such is the weakness of human nature that we look on Death as the greatest evil, and emphatically style him " The King of terrors." We cling tenaciously to life, and prefer it with all its manifold distresses to the enclosure of the grave. So blind are we to the glories of eternity, or so incredulous of the assurances of the Gospel, that we pass them by unnoticed, and in the midst of disease, and pain, and sorrow, strive with all our little might to prolong a lingering existence—This may proceed partly from the limited nature of our views of futurity, partly from a sense of guilt, and partly from the love of life, natural to all the animated creation; but I believe much of it arises from the prejudice of education, from the force of impressions that we are constantly receiving from infancy to manhood. When death has served his summons, on any of our friends, how does sorrow and gloom follow in his footsteps, grief and melancholy seem to mark! his way; we " sorrow as without hope" and mourn, as though we had lost a friend forever; the sable vestment is put on, and the cloud of despair darkens our dwellings.

I have often recollected with pleasure, a motto I once saw engraved on the tomb of an infant, and I am persuaded, were the sentiment to gain a place in our minds proportioned to its truth, and the happiness of its tendency, it would often dispel the mists of unavailing sorrow; it would enlighten the heart with the sunbeams of peace, and light up a smile on the cheek of depression.

" Not lost, but gone before."

How expressive is the sentence! It seems to say—Dear partner of my affections, friend of my heart—though the cold hand of death has wrested thee from my embrace, and these eyes shall behold thee no more; yet thou art " not lost"—we are not separated forever; a few years, a few short years, shall restore thee to my arms; thou hast entered the gate of Paradise before me—but in a little while my measure of duty shall also be filled up, the day of my release shall arrive, and we shall meet again to part no more.

By considering our deceased friends as only " gone before" we shall not merely alleviate our affliction for their departure, but enjoy a substantial pleasure in reflecting on their escape from the pains of mortality, their inexpressible felicity in the immortal haven of rest; and though we *see* them not, yet we still enjoy their society, *feel* them in a manner to be present with us and rejoice that we can *yet* call them our friends.

I would not be understood to condemn all expressions of grief for a departed friend: nature claims a tear, and let it be paid; 'tis a debt, which to discharge does honour to the dead and to the living; it bespeaks the worth of the one, and the sensibility of the other—but let not grief be encouraged—'tis a dangerous and useless guest, and when unreasonably entertained turns out each better companion of the heart; resignation, peace and tranquillity fly her presence—she dwells in darkness and in storms—discontent and murmuring hover around her.

Grief to be meritorious, must be spontaneous; that heart only is honoured by her presence, who strives to turn her away—a thousand times more interesting is the prospect of a mind struggling to suppress or to hide its sorrow, than the one who is indulging in passionate bursts of grief—for vanity is often bathed in tears—A desire to be thought the possessor of great sensibility may prompt us to tears, but real sensibility hideth her sorrow.

Let us then, while we indulge the spontaneous effusion of grief, remember, that we " sorrow not as those that have no hope."* Death is but the gate of immortality—the portal of a happy eternity—regarding him in this happy point of view, he loses his sting; in the animating hope of a blessed hereafter the grave has no victory. Under the pressure of calamity we may look forward in humble hope to death as the termination of our troubles—in the loss of friends we may view him as the kind restorer of their happy society; in pain and sickness, as a physician that fails not, a specific for every disease, a rest from all our labours.

Such are the consolating views which the religion of Christ unfolds; such are the hopes that have animated the great and the good in all ages; such are the blessings offered us in the Gospel.

I shall close this paper with a funeral hymn by Mallet, which I have always been pleased with, because it places death in the proper point of view, and because I always left it happier than I found it.

Ye midnight shades o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train drew near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,

* Thessalonians iv. 13.

Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause, and sounding slow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
'Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul,

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes:
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One Supremely good and wise,
Raise Hallelujahs! God is just!
And man most happy when he dies.
His winter past,
Fair spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore;
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows
And sin and sorrow are no more!

Yours,

VAROLA.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The piece which is subjoined, was handed me by the writer for perusal, and the sentiments appearing to be at once enlightened, and tender of the rights and happiness of our fellow men, a dissemination of them would, it appeared to me, tend to subserve the cause of liberty and justice—the pillars on which the stability of our government rests Vain were it to hope for the first of public blessings to our country, *the public tranquillity*, where any system so diametrically opposed to the rights of man is adhered to, and at the same time so highly oppressive to the best feelings of humanity, as is the practice of importation, and forceful deportation from stall to stall, of the helpless African, as herein complained of. It is, indeed, a subject in which our country is deeply interested; as the judgments of Almighty God must be expected to follow the open perpetuation of such flagitious and unprincipled conduct.—In the words of the poet, we should

"Remember Heav'n has an avenging rod;
"To smite the poor is treason against God."

COWPER.

Could I extend my voice from Maine to Georgia, I should proclaim to my fellow countrymen, that they "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God," "lest" in his indignation, "he arise and smite" our country "with a curse."

S.

It was an article of the Mosaic law, "he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, shall surely be put to death." The crime of man-stealing was, in the Divine estimation, one of the most capital offences; and Paul ranks the "men-stealers," among the most flagitious of those that dishonoured God, and disgraced humanity by living in the lusts and depravity of the natural and unredeemed state. The crime was threefold; stealing, or kidnapping, selling, and *holding*. Mark this, you that detain in perpetual service, men that are born free as yourselves. Such appear to be nearly in the predicament of those rich and unjust men, mentioned in terms of severe reprobation by the Apostle James. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you. Behold, the hire of the labourers, who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth."

Those guilty of either of the branches of man-stealing, were by the Mosaic law pronounced guilty of the crime; and were obnoxious to the penalty. He was to die, if the man stolen was found in his hand; doubtless, with the condition to be understood, that the person holding *knew* the man to have been stolen—and with the greatest reason; according to the common and sound maxim, that "the receiver is as bad as the thief."—Surely then, in this enlightened age of liberty (so it is styled) men, and much more Christians, ought not to be found in the breach of this branch of the moral law, whether in the stealing, in the first instance, or in the selling or holding their fellow men, in perpetual servitude, known to have been stolen. Such is the situation, however, of multitudes around us.

In some of the Southern states, it has been made death by law, and such the law now is, for stealing a horse; how much more aggravated, then, is the crime, to steal a man, and deprive him of the natural and unalienable right of free agency, and ownership in himself, wherewith his Creator has invested him? In a moral point of view, personal liberty being beyond all dispute, *unalienable*, every man is, strictly speaking, *his own*; and such a thing as slavery cannot exist among us; it amounting to an absolute inconsistency of terms. These men are styled *property*; and the law of the land assigns them as such; but the impropriety of this is grossly apparent. In reality, no man can become the slave of another, except he have forfeited his liberty by his crimes. All human laws that are in contradiction to these principles are fundamentally wrong; men's laws are to be subordinate to the Divine law. Such laws as are not thus subordinate, are in themselves void and null, the decisions of interested and erroneous men to the contrary notwithstanding.

This plea, therefore, of property and the sanction of the laws, is not a plea, that in the day of righteous retribution will stand us in stead. It is the righteous law written in the heart, and to be discovered there by all men in moments of calm and seriousness; it is this inward law, which is our pure guide to walk by, and which teaches us to do to others, as we would in like circumstances, have them do to us.—Readers, if in the breach of this Divine law, here let us pause a little; and let us reason the case. Suppose the African nations to have risen in the scale of nations, in the manner that the anciently dark and barbarous Europe hath done over the enlightened and imperial Asia; and to have it in their power to visit our coasts; and to captivate and enslave the free people of the United States: or, suppose them base enough to employ others to kidnap the unsuspecting and helpless men, women and children of the country; and incite the inhabitants of one state, to wage merciless war, upon those of a neighbouring state, for the purpose of making prisoners to sell to the African people; to be placed themselves and their posterity from one generation to another, in unconditional bondage. Could a conduct like this be reconcilable with the divine principles of Christianity? with the dictates of humanity, or of a sound governmental policy in the African states at home? Far from all this.

Let us take into view the distressing captivity of our fellow-citizens at this time in Algiers. Here is a providential mirror to behold ourselves in, in regard to our oppression of the African people. These miserable captives in Algiers, are perhaps as abject slaves, as any in the West Indies, or our Southern states.—They are made absolutely teams of; are matched and yoked together in gears, to drag the waggon or plough, at the bid of the Turk, or the smack of his whip.—But these were not taken by a civilized and superior people, traversing the ocean and visiting our coasts, upon the laudable errand of a legitimate commerce. Nor were they taken by a people, highly possessing the benign principles of the Gos-

pel. Their conduct therefore, though deeply stained with barbarity, is not so wholly inexcusable, as the same things done by those better informed. From these having more, more is doubtless required.

The American people revolt at the injustice and cruelty of the African nations, thus to capture, enslave and abuse their friends, neighbours, sons and brothers. They are offended, and certainly with some justice, to hear the report of their being cruelly whipped, beat and abused, at the pleasure of their tyrannical masters, half starved by a stinted allowance of food, and equally cruel in withholding from them the necessary clothing to defend them from the inclemency of the weather; and more than all, at their caprice, to sell them as *property*, unscrupulously separating the most endeared connexions of friendship and kindred. But is not this, in great part, but blind and partial selfishness? Look at the picture, I beseech you, my countrymen, for in fact, it is but too obvious that this is in part or altogether your own practice. No remedy hath hitherto been applied by either the supreme or the state legislatures, to bring to an end this enormous evil. Shame! to cry out against others, for the commission of crimes, of which ye are yourselves, as guilty.

Congress have been willing to put by the opportunity of imposing even the restrictions, that it is conceded they have by the Constitution power to impose.—They have thus become accessary to the obloquy & guilt of the justly odious slave-trade. It is high time, that the authorities of these states, thoroughly abolished it. Indeed, a more abominable thing, scarcely exists on the face of the earth.

It is a very pleasant circumstance, that such a revolution has been wrought in the public mind, as has lately appeared in N. Carolina. This state has lately passed a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States, so as to prohibit the further traffic in slaves from foreign countries, prior to the date of 1808.

But there exists an internal slave trade within these United States, the cruelty of which cries aloud for the interference of the humane. The black people are seen driven, one drove after another, through the different states, in fetters; men, women, and children, sometimes to the amount of sixty, frequently after having sustained a deprivation of ties and connexions, as dear to them as others, in similar circumstances. "With what execration," says the President in his Notes, "shall not the statesman be loaded, that suffers one citizen thus to trample on the natural rights of another!"—A government tolerating such injustice and oppression, stands on a precipice.—Our government have, therefore, done ill, so to enact, or construe the law, that no period can be constitutionally to this evil, prior to the year 1808. The great Legislator of the Universe, cannot be awed nor bribed to a time to do justice; nor can he approve of men so conducting. Whether this may not have been the case with the representatives of some of the Northern states in convention upon the far-famed Federal Constitution, they must know. In the mean time, some thousands of these miserable people are to be cast into an unrelenting servitude. They have done nothing to forfeit either life or liberty, yet must hopelessly spend their days under the scourge and controul of cruel task-masters.

P.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Evening Reflections, under considerable depression.

When all terrestrial glory fades,
And mundane joys no more can please,
To what sure refuge can we flee,
To give the pained bosom ease?

Friendship in vain exerts its power,
And vain is wealth's resplendent store,
Science and Learning lose their charms,
And Nature's beauties please no more.

Then let the heart o'ercharg'd with wo,
To thee, Almighty Father! flee.
Thou who from sin can'st cleanse the soul,
And set the oppressed spirit free,

Come, King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Diffuse thy power o'er all my heart;
Speak thou my passions into peace,
And faith, and hope, and grace impart.

Be thou my refuge and my strength,
Then let the impetuous tempests roll;
I stand unhurt amidst the wreck,
For Jesus triumphs in my soul.

W.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

I was pleased in observing that the remarks which I made some time since on the first pastoral of Virgil, had attracted the attention of one of your learned correspondents. He has endeavoured to show that there is no contradiction in the passages to which I alluded, & therefore concludes that my opinion is "ungrounded." I should be happy in seeing (what I consider) the contradictory parts reconciled; but I must confess I think *Philan* has not entirely succeeded in the undertaking. He says I have "mistaken the poet" in supposing that he sets out his father's good fortune in the person of *Tityrus*; and indeed I cannot undertake to say I have not. I can only say I have followed the opinion, and used the words of an able and celebrated teacher of the language in which the poet wrote. But even admitting this part to be a mistake, and inferring from the "Argumentum" and "Notæ," which it seems *Philan's* edition of Virgil contains, that the poet "represents his own good fortune under the character of Tityrus," yet I think there is still a contradiction. *Philan* supposes that Melibœus addressed Tityrus by the appellation of "Fortunate Senex" only as a congratulation, *not because he was really old*, but because he anticipated the future felicity of the poet, &c. *when he should become old*; but, as may be seen by the lines quoted in my former remarks, there is additional proof of Tityrus being old; and of more weight than the appellation of "Fortunate Senex." I should have been glad if *Philan* had explained *that* passage, as well as the appellation. It appears that Tityrus had been at Rome; and when Melibœus addresses him

"Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?"

Tityrus makes the following answer:

"Libertas, quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem,
"*Candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat;*
"Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit."

This passage appears to me, if I do not "mistake the poet," like a confirmation of the opinion that Tityrus was "*really old*" at the time Melibœus addressed him. As to the supposition of *Philan* that the same license which authorized the calling of Virgil Tityrus, might also authorize the calling a young man "Fortunate Senex," I do not think the cases altogether similar. The latter is certainly a much greater stretch of poetical license; and which I should suppose would hardly be warrantable in a poet of Virgil's rank.

I have neither the ability nor the wish to become a critic; nor do I offer those remarks from a desire of finding fault with so universally admired a poet as Virgil, but I was not quite satisfied with the explanation of *Philan*. I have no doubt, however, but he can throw addi-

tional light on the subject,—which if he will be so obliging as to perform, he will receive the acknowledgements of

TIRO.

May 30th 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Lam. of Jeremiah, 9th ch.

ADDRESSED TO ————.

Oh! that my head but waters were,
And riv'lets every single hair;
My eyes, as mighty fountains deep,
That I perpetually might weep,
And briny tears unceasing flow,
To deprecate impending wo!

Oh! that I might permitted be,
To doleful, desert wilds to flee,
Where foot of man has never trod,
That there I might but find my God;
That comfort I could but thereby regain;—
Some cordial balm, to mitigate my pain!

But, what alas! would this avail?
Would not temptations there assail?
Still would the rebel in my breast,
His empire hold, not dispossest;
Still would he sway his sceptre, even there,
And there would still the feeble mind ensnare.

Unless the tyrant fast be bound,
No balm can heal the bleeding wound;
Unless the rebel there be slain,
No balsam can assuage the pain:
For nought a pained mind can soothe, can ease,
While ought remains, that doth our God displease.

Dear friend excuse these lines;—farewell;
May peace within thy bosom dwell:
Tho' thy poor friend be oft distress'd,
Be ———— ever, ever blest:
Thee, Heaven protect, preserve, direct; Adieu!
May peace and happiness thy every step pursue.

P.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Solution to the Query in the Evening Fire-side of No. 26, respecting water mills.

It will be proper to notice, that in compound machines, and particularly in the gristmill, of the common construction, there is a deal of friction in the running gears, which causes a resistance to the moving power equal to one-fourth part of the whole resistance to be overcome; hence it is usual for the miller, frequently to rub those parts which come in moving contact with each other with tallow, with a view to diminish the friction or resistance as much as possible—but tallow, notwithstanding it is the best substance which can be applied, is not the only one that would produce this effect; even water, when applied between two wooden surfaces in moving contact, will overcome a vast deal of friction, and particularly if the surfaces are previously paid over with a little tallow to prevent its being absorbed by the wood. The miller may easily satisfy himself of the truth of this remark, let him for once omit tallowing his cogs when they stand in need, and instead thereof sprinkle water over those parts whilst the mill is in operation. Perhaps he will be surprised at the extraordinary phenomenon which will be immediately produced; he will find that the mill will run lighter, smoother, and with much greater velocity than before he applied the water; this being the case, the problem in question is solved thus. Experience teaches us that during the length of a warm clear day, and especially if the day previous had been wet, there is a large quantity of water absorbed by the atmosphere or air, which after the declination of the sun below the horizon, descends rapidly in form of dew, which renders the air moist, and humid, and for an hour or two affords a copious supply of moisture to all parts of the mill, and produces an effect thereon precisely the same as would result from an artificial watering; as a further confirmation of the truth of those assertions it may be remarked, that in the evening of a wet day, when there is no sudden transition from a dry air to a moist, the phenomenon is not observable.

SUBSCRIBER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

A POEM ON CHILTREN MILL.

ADDRESSED TO W*****N J****N.

Ye Muses! daughters of the poet's brain,
Poor meagre bards who knew no arts of grain,
While themes of solid food in numbers shine,
And well-fed genius forms the nervous line,
I scorn to ask your aid, your flights pursue,
Nor own the help of such a starving crew;
Some nobler thoughts of bards more nobly fed,
Some dextrous hand that feels the strength of bread,
Shall guide my pen and all the arts reveal,
Of mill-wrights, millers, and the works of meal.

O thou whose cares o'er Chiltren Mill preside,
Where swift Southanna rolls her rapid tide,
While magic work before thy sight appears,
And whirling shafts are thundering round thy ears—

Observe O J*****N! how these notes agree,
One ruling genius moves the mill and me,
Dispels my dullness, clears thy dusty fogs,
Rhymes heavy thoughts and wheels the rolling cogs.

Amaz'd I view the schemes in every part,
And pleas'd behold the wond'rous works of art;
All-moving art the great machine inspires,
And pours the golden grain on moving wires;
Makes lifeless forms their stated motions know,
And learns the winds collected how to blow.

As when in air autumnal clouds prevail,
And thick descending pours the rattling hail,
Fierce drives the storm along the dark'ned sky
And drifted leaves before the forest fly.
So falls the grain; the fan a tempest brings,
And drives the chaff before its whirling wings.

Now cleans'd from dust the grain descends below,
Where grinding-stones in rapid circles go:
Where the turn'd shaft resistless motion feels,
And foaming waters dash around the wheels:
There near the hopper stands industrious Moore,*
His hat, his hair, his body powder'd o'er,
Now with discerning touch the flour he tries,
Now to the boult his skilful hand applies,
All parts alike his aid and presence claim,
For art and Isaac are in mills the same;
He moves a gate—life seems o'er all to rage,
Wheels turn o'er wheels and cogs with cogs engage
Thick flights of chaff before the fan are seen,
And clouds of dust involve the rolling screen.
What leave me W*****M in my loftiest strain!
"The waggon's waiting with a load of grain,
"I'll back again—but run and fix the scales
"A moment's loss may spoil the finest sales."

Now every hand his proper office knows,
Some poise the balance, some the corn dispose;
These bear the burdens, those the measures fill,
And keen industry moves through all the mill.
The barrel too that from the roof impends,
Inform'd by art mounts upwards and descends,
Takes the large tribute of the farmer's bag,
And bears it upwards like a living keg.

My friends, if Tasso's genius now could rise,
Or modern bards could see with Tasso's eyes,
That sight would soon the wond'rous cause reveal,
Find active goblins turning every wheel;
And last conclude with glaring sprights in view,
The mill enchantment and the witches you.
But I, who all the various parts have seen,
And trac'd pure nature through the whole machine,
Have found the secret spring, it must be said
The life, the soul, the moving cause is bread.

But, noble art, all own thy needful aid,
The pompous state around the rich display'd,
The sweet content that decks the humble scene,
The placid smile that keeps the brow serene,
The bloom of health that gives the lively grace,
The rosy tint that paints the virgin's face,
The pleasing charms the hand of plenty spread,
And life and strength are all sustain'd by BREAD.

Whirl on, ye mills, nor let your fame descend,
Till copious fields in wider bounds extend,
Till barren lands with rising verdure spring,
Till useless woods with sounding axes ring,
Till *burrs* on *burrs* the foaming peak shall feel,
And every stream be pour'd into a wheel.

For you, the seeds industrious farmers sow,
And dusty smiths the roaring bellows blow;
Carts, drays and waggons shall your works employ,
And hardy drivers smack the whips for joy.
See from his stall brought forth the pamper'd steed,
Of Celar's race or Fearnought's noble breed,
Whose curried sides once shone against the sun,
And on whose speed were thousands lost and won:
Fleet in the hunt as rapid in the race,
With hounds and men he urg'd the flying chase;
With patriot zeal preserv'd the poultry's peace,
And jointly rul'd the golden age of geese;
Now stripp'd of honours, fed with mules and steers,
He falls a victim to the driver's gears.

Go on, ye mills, and all ye millers hail,
May all your plans and honest schemes prevail;
Protecting states shall lend their helping laws,
And hungry poets glory in the cause.

B. B.

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* The Miller's name.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

If the following brief remarks should be acceptable to you, they are at your service.

A New Correspondent.

The present writer has seen with pleasure a free publication of the Epistle from the members of the Yearly Meeting of London to their friends and brethren, which is such a composition, that had any thing similar been issued from any other body of men, it would have attracted my notice, as this has done, with feeling sensibility.

There is one subject treated of, which I think most peculiarly important, and is introduced in this affecting manner.—"Since we last met together in this city, the dreadful alarm of war has increased; and, seeing we believe no people have a deeper sense of the calamity which war entails on mankind, and the reproach it is on the Christian name, we may, without the imputation of viewing it singly as it concerns ourselves, inform you of our present feelings on the subject."

I refer for particulars to the publication, and doubt not, it will be read with a marked attention, at a time when several nations are so peculiarly involved in the greatest difficulties on so melancholy a subject as that of war.

I have also seen at different times several other publications, which although not immediately in the line of that Epistle, yet may contain such sentiments as can furnish to the feeling mind, such reflections as may be truly instructive: and if good can be obtained from any quarter, I reject it not, merely because I am unacquainted with the source from whence it comes.

In one of the latest Papers, there are some remarks on the manners of the Indian tribes of America, and I have thought a short extract from that unknown writer would not be improper, for the reasons which will be shewn in the course of this essay.—That writer says, "We might be led to reflect on the savage state of man, as always furnishing the temper and the causes of war. But we have not such a happy view of the manners of civilized man as to admit a comparison with which *humanity can be pleased.* In this part of the history of man, little can be found to flatter the self-love we might fondly indulge in the approbation of *any portion* of the human race." Here the words "any portion," particularly struck my mind, with an idea of the propriety of one grand exception, which is most conspicuously manifested by the noble testimony of a large Society, as exhibited in the general Epistle alluded to. This exception is such an one as is honourable, not only to that Society, but it appears to me, may be accounted honourable even to "the human race;" of which, thanks be to the Father of Mercies, so large a part have furnished the means by which "humanity can be pleased."

The same writer, who perhaps did not think of the above exception, proceeds thus.—"Greece and Rome were not strangers to war. And the most enlightened nations of Europe, do not boast of long periods of peace: When the Christian world is in peace, we may find objects for *our pity,* in the distant wilds of America."—Here again the words "our pity" have forcibly struck my mind. In the present existing circumstances of human affairs, how multifarious are the occasions of our pity, our compassionate feelings for the distresses of our fellow men? —To advert to numerous particulars is perhaps unnecessary. But I believe it right for me, both as an American, and a well-wisher of the land of my ancestors, to express an ardent hope, that threatening extensive calamities may be obviated by the favour of Providence, and that the most melancholy catastrophe may be averted, by an approaching disposition among the nations to a humane, rational, and manly wish, for the establishment of a general peace; such a disposition in my opinion, with a due regard to virtuous principles, would be more honourable to the nations than the acquisition of all the wealth of South America.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors.

After making a few voyages on the slippery fluid, in which but moderate success attended me, I was induced to relinquish that fluctuating way of life for a season, and dwell in the midst of society, that I might improve myself in such good manners as prevail among the people of the land. My situation is necessarily in a place somewhat obscure, or at least not immediately in connection with the most completely polished part of the general community. Of course my domestic or common company is not of that kind from whom is to be derived the greatest instruction. But a notion took me that the apprehended deficiency might be, in measure, made up by application to reading. Accordingly a good deal of my leisure is spent in that exercise; and although I highly prize solid works of long standing, yet the periodical publications of the day prove very instructive and amusing to me. I like something new once in awhile; and by reason of my natural disposition being inclinable to the oppression of melancholy, I find that the temperament of facetious observations & occurrences, with edifying precepts, tend to make me a more vivacious and considerate fellow. Now gentlemen, in the 20th number of your paper, I find an application made for information on the important subject of "dress, and such like;" but by the way, I don't find that any of your correspondents have undertaken to answer the questions, and I conclude the young gentleman must still remain in suspense, unless his uneasiness has prompted his looking out elsewhere. But that he may not be tormented with the chagrin of disappointment in being entirely unnoticed, unfit as by the above, you may suppose I am for such a task, I will at least endeavour to inform him of the pleasure I felt in reading his ingenious proposition for an amendment in boots, by projecting the heel ten or twelve inches back, by way of counterpoise, to a similar projection of the toes, "that one's toes might stand like a mast in a boat, in which case there would certainly be less danger of oversetting in squalls." Here we see the utility of the fashion proposed is obvious, as a young gentleman in gallanting the girls about, would look exceedingly foolish, if the blustering boreas should unfortunately strike hard upon his mainsail, and overset him: for it has been observed, that girls are very attracting things, and the attention of a young fellow might possibly be so much occupied about them, as to neglect his own person, although he might wear ten times more clothes, and consequently be in much greater danger of disaster.

As the young gentleman by this time must have acquired some little knowledge of the fashions by observation, perhaps it may be right to recommend him to take a great deal of notice of the varieties which prevail; he will by this means be very likely in a few months time to make the most "creditable appearance" imaginable; and if he should get into business where there is nothing to do, he may wear abundance of clothes, have his hair all cut off behind, and let

in flow in ringlets over his face, may if he is old enough, have the most useful whiskers, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. agreeably to Jonathan Plumpudding's most ambitious desires.

I am respectfully yours,
JACK SAILOR.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

[The following extract from Wm. Austin's "Letters from London," is introduced by his reviewers with approbation. Although it is admitted that, in general, the portrait is good, we cannot bestow upon it unqualified praise. We forbear, however, to point out its errors, leaving our readers at liberty to judge for themselves.]

"There is no class of people in England, holden in less respect than the quakers; yet I have seen no sect, in this country, with whom I have been more pleased. With respect to the rest of the world, the quakers certainly are a hopeless and barren set of people. They hate equally kings and priests. Their consciences revolt at tythes in any shape, therefore the clergy hate them. Their own meditations serve them instead of preaching, therefore the religious of most other denominations dislike them. Their temperance laughs at the physician, and their honesty starves the lawyer, while their prudence and foresight exalt them above the active, injurious hatred of the world, and elevate them above those who despise them.

"Their decency of carriage, their unassuming manners, their habitual economy, and general spirit of equity, have long, and will, perhaps, for ever, connect them together in a body co-existent with their present maxims.

"There is one characteristic which distinguishes the quakers from all other sects: they discover nothing of the spirit of proselytism; their favourite sentiments partake nothing of enthusiasm; they hurl no damnation on the rest of the world; tolerant to every body, they consider all honest men their brethren.—There is not a single trait in their character incentive to ill will, nor a movement in their conduct which has ever courted persecution. Their humility has never resisted even oppression; in suffering patient, they are active only in support of their principles. Remote from all hypocrisy, they have never sought after temporal power, nor has their own system ever operated to the prejudice of others. Yet this sect has been persecuted, and its members been put to death! the blackest stigma on human nature with which the annals of politics or religion have been stained.

"Though they live under a monarchy, they have contrived, with the sacrifice of all temporal favours, to erect themselves into a government of their own, approaching as near to republic as is consistent with any sort of allegiance to the current government. This is a masterpiece of policy which has gained them a firm standing in the midst of their enemies, and which ought to teach the rest of mankind that it is practicable for a virtuous, persevering few to counteract the many. The quakers have contrived to render themselves happy in the midst of misery, and free, in a great measure, in the midst of slavery. Hence they have all that natural, unaffected dignity, and all that manly, cordial spirit of accommodation which man discovers to man before he becomes degenerate: and hence they regard mankind pretty much as that Cherokee did, who, being introduced at Paris, and shown every thing which was supposed capable of delighting or surprising him, was asked, after his eyes had swallowed the objects of a whole week's exhibition, "What astonished him most?" answered, "The difference between man and man:" and then being questioned "With what he was most delighted?" answered, "He was most delighted to see a passenger help a heavy burden upon the back of another."

"Although the quakers approach nearer to the religion of nature, notwithstanding their correspondence with the world, than any systematic sect which has ever appeared, they still hold to the great principles of the christian religion, though, in point of *orthodoxy*, they can hardly be termed christians. Most others, whether eastern sages or western saints, have retired from the world in the degree they have approached Brama or Jesus, while the quakers, contented with this world until they can find a better, have found the secret of living in the midst of society, and of mingling as much of this world as is consistent with heaven, and as much of heaven as is consistent with making the most of this world.

"I have been led to these observations from a petty circumstance which occurred yesterday. I found, on my table, the following printed notice: "Some of the people, called quakers, intend to hold a meeting this evening, at their place of worship, in Martin's court, St. Martin's lane, to which the neighbours are invited." In expectation of something extraordinary, I attended. At the door I was received by one of the friends, who introduced me to a seat among the elders. The house was soon filled, and a profound silence reigned for a few minutes, when one of the brethren rose, and began to speak, but he had not spoken a minute, when an elder said, "We would take it kind of thee, friend, to sit down." The speaker looked up to see whence the disapprobation proceeded, then nodding, in acquiescence, sat down. Presently, a fine looking, elderly lady, of matronly appearance, dressed in the most elegant simplicity, rose, and, after a warm and impressive prayer, delivered, extempore, an animated and edifying discourse, with a flow of elocution, and grace of manner, which, had she been forty years younger, might have inflamed those passions she sought to allay.

"There is one defect in the polity of the quakers, which will forever subject them to the tyranny of the times—they love peace so well they will not even fight for their liberty. This known principle divests them of all political consequence, when those great political movements are agitated, which sometimes involve the deepest consequences to society: otherwise, the quakers would gradually effect a revolution throughout the world."

ON THE DREAD OF THUNDER.

Beasts discover a consciousness of danger at the approach of a thunder tempest; they leave their food; and their looks and postures betray symptoms of fear and amazement. But birds, sheltered from the fatal bolts by their feathers, are fearless. While the thunder roars and the dark and heavy cloud is moving on towards them, they are often seen in a playful frolicsome mood. *Both* are guided by an unerring instinct. Beasts are sometimes struck dead by lightning: they are in real danger; and have therefore cause to fear. But lightning, which has power to rive the strongest oaks, and even the hardest rocks, seldom, if ever, passes between the feathers, and pierces the bodies of birds.* The latter, as if conscious of their safety; and, at the

* It is the practice of some people always to rise from their bed when thunder tempests happen during the night season; whereas a bed, filled with feathers, is the safest situation that can be found.

same time, exhilirated by the change of air, that begins to be purified and sweetened by explosions from the gathering clouds, discover marks of glee: and they have indeed real cause for their expressive marks of joy.

Man exalted by reason, and still more by religion, should in this, as in all other respects, act a higher part than the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. A thunder tempest presents one of the sublimest scenes in nature; and its sublimity is blended with a degree of awfulness proportionate to which it exposes the precious life of man. A thoughtless, and much more, a frolicsome levity, during such a scene, though becoming birds, would be highly unbecoming men and women. On the other hand, they should not discover the stupid amazement, nor the frantic fright of beasts.

Thunder and lightning are necessary agents in the grand operations of nature: they are "Ministers of good" to mankind, and their general tendency is to save life rather than to destroy it. By killing noxious vapors and clarifying and sweetening the air, they render it wholesome and prevent the spread of pestilence and other mortal diseases. For one person, destroyed by lightning, thousands and hundreds of thousands, would be destroyed by poisons and mortal contagions in the atmosphere, if this powerful instrument to cleanse it were never used.

The fear arising from thunder-storms should therefore be, in a manner, lost in gratitude for the general good, which they occasion: and parents instead of setting before their children, on such occasions, an example of consternation and wild affright, which would tend to render them miserable through life, should endeavor to fortify their minds by arguments drawn from reason, philosophy and religion.

HIVE.

"Gather up the Fragments that nothing be lost," was a family order given after a plentiful meal, by one who could instantly command a supply of bread. The power of Providence, if exercised with the same wise economy is as the power of miracles. Neither of them must be prostituted to the gratification of luxury, or to the encouragement of vicious indolence and sloth. Let us for a moment look into the divine works, and observe whether any profuseness is visible there—If none be found in the immensity of God's works, certainly, there ought to be none in ours. Providence is bountiful but not wasteful; his blessings are bestowed freely, but not lavishly. We are to receive them thankfully and use them frugally: not lose them by careless inattention, nor squander them away in wasteful extravagance. He, who gathers up what heaven gives, and suffers nothing to be lost, will always have a competency; and he, who receives not what is offered, or preserves not what is cast into his hands, will always be in want.

GILES.

Wrights-town 5th, mo. 17th.

[If it were the fashion in our country to bestow the civic crown, we know of none more worthy of it than the *obscure individual*, whose patriotism prompted him to adopt the plan detailed below, for the purpose of drawing forth the energies of his indolent fellow-citizens, and meliorating their morals.—With all due deference to the patriotic spirits of the present day, who are incessantly toiling through sweat and dust for the good of their brethren, and the preservation of their liberties, we think, that a people cannot be enslaved, who are of industrious habits, pure in their morals, and simple in their manners—& what would be more likely to continue them so, than to make virtue fashionable and frugality the subject of premium, industry the road to honour, and domestic attachment the theme of praise. Whoever the individual may be, we doubt not that self-approbation gives him more substantial enjoyment than is to be derived from the bursts of popular applause. But it would be pleasing to see him obtain a public expression of esteem, as furnishing an evidence that, however we may have failed in the practice, true patriotism is understood among us.]

"The following premiums are offered by an obscure individual, to the inhabitants of a village, called Florisant, or St. Ferdinand, about fifteen miles from St. Louis. The village consists of about sixty very poor families, all French. It is the most beautiful village I ever saw, as to situation, and extremely healthy.—The people are very indolent; but when you are told, that they give two, and sometimes three bushels of wheat, for a pound of coffee, which they all drink as they do taffia, you will not be surprised that they should be poor.

"For the best acre and a half of hemp or flax 25 dolls. the next best acre, 10, and the best 3-4 acre 15. For the best and cleanest parcel of cotton weighing 200 lbs. 25 dolls. the second best 150, 20 dolls. and third best 100, 15 dolls. For the woman who spins and weaves the best piece of linen and cotton cloth of 25 yards, 25 dolls. the second best piece of 20, 20 dolls. and the third do. 15, 15 dolls. For the best dressed woman on the 4th of July, 1805, all her clothing of her own making, 25 dolls. second do. 20, and third do. 15.

25 Dollars for every family who refrains from coffee and taffia for one year from March last.

"50 Dollars for every decent young man who marries an orphan girl, and settles in the village.

"Also, 10, 8 and 6 dollars, for the best dyed suit of clothes.

"This individual has furnished them with hemp seed, which they are about sowing. He will furnish them a weaver at his own expense. He advances them looms, spinning-wheels, cards, hatchels, &c. and takes the above articles in payment for the utensils.

"These people dance about six months in the year, and all they can get is spent that way. This person has made a calculation, and shews that every family must lose in the course of 30 years 4000 dollars, allowing 12 balls in the year, and that the expences to each family would be only two dollars to each ball; that with the interest, and a day lost preparing for, and a day lost sleeping after the ball; allowing the labour of each family two dollars per day, which he says in all will make four thousand dollars. He offers them a house gratis in the village for six balls in the year, provided they will dance no more, except on a marriage, or on the fourth of July.

"He also advises them never to have a suit at law; because, he says, if a man even gain his suit, he will lose some money: he will lose his time, and the good will of his neighbours. He tells them to arbitrate every dispute: "For (says he) two or three honest neighbours will do you as much justice in Florisant, as twelve jurymen will at St. Louis."

"The people of this country, I mean the old inhabitants, are extremely honest, and civil, and kind, but very ignorant; and their confidence in each other is such, that the greatest part of the property in this country has been passed from hand to hand, without even the scrape of a pen. Since I have been here, I have not seen a single quarrel, or serious dispute among the French.

"Quere——Should the United States adopt some plan of the kind above, for the encouragement of industry and ma-

nufactures, would not the sums so laid out, return into the coffers, and produce cent. per cent. in a short time?"

Ken. Gaz.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The last and most interesting event in Europe, respecting the powers at war, is the sailing of the Toulon fleet, which appears to be confirmed.

Intelligence direct from the West-Indies, mentions the arrival at Martinique of the combined French and Spanish fleets, they are said to consist of 12 French ships of the line and 12 frigates, 6 Spanish of the line and 1 frigate; they had 10,000 troops on board, the destination was not known but the officers stated that they expected further reinforcements, they had a passage of 34 days from Cadiz where they had not been blockaded.

Information from Malaga, stating that the fleet sailed from Cadiz, under the command of Admiral Gravina, strengthens the probability of these reports.

The account, said to be brought by a British frigate in 19 days to Barbadoes, that the fleet under Lord Nelson, was on its way to the West Indies, is probable.

The French boast to possess already above fifty ships of the line, which are in a condition to be useful to the Empire. The Spanish and Dutch ships are preparing for co-operation. In Spain, every encouragement is given to the spirit of privateering, and the government exempts the prizes from all charges of the nation. In Holland, Gov. Lauser, who commanded at Curracoa, has been arrested. The Dutch are determined to give every support to their colonies, and to encourage the utmost zeal in defending them. We cannot expect that such a disposition will be without very important operations. The first expedition to the West-Indies, so far as accomplished, has left no impeachment on French secrecy, humanity or courage, and will lead to more bold atchievments.

The revolution in the Cisalpine republic, which will add new titles to the Emperor of France, has been prepared by every public testimony of the general consent, and as an event of sufficient magnitude, to engage the notice of all Europe. In Holland, all things are ready for a change, which the spirit of the republic will exhibit at first in some novel form, more surely, in the end, to accomplish the final purpose, without too great an alarm to the prejudices of parties which have existed from the infancy of that industrious republic. In England, the Catholic petition from Ireland arrests attention. The concessions which the Catholics will probably obtain, had they been granted to our forefathers, would have retarded the settlements on the American Continent.—Upon the great scale of Justice, the petition has something very interesting.

A considerable victory is said to have been obtained in the East Indies by the British over Holkar.

There is reason to believe that another expedition of considerable magnitude, is about to be fitted out from England upon the object of which it would be idle at present to speculate.

The Spanish ship Asia, from Lima to Cadiz, having on board 300,000 dollars, bags of silver, and some ingots of gold with a valuable cargo of drugs, &c. was captured by the Janvrin and Alarm privateers of Guernsey, and the Mersey of Liverpool, and is arrived at Falmouth.

The commercial state of the West-Indies, by the late transactions in that quarter, is becoming more favourable to the United States of America. The late restrictions in the British islands have been attributed to the discretionary orders of the Governors.

From Martinico we learn, that affairs are returning fast to their ancient state.

A Bill has passed the Imperial paliament, intituled, an Act to permit the importation of Goods and Commodities from Countries in America belonging to any Foreign, European, Sovereign or State in neutral ships, during the present war, and until six months, after the ratification of a Definitive Treaty of peace.

A ship has arrived at Algiers from Stockholm, and has brought the tribute annually paid to the Dey by Sweden. The Dey has required of the American Agent a ship of the line; and the latter has in vain represented that America has frigates but no ships of the line—the Dey still presists in his demand.

DOMESTIC.—The President and Directors of the Chesapeak and Delaware Canal report that the work has been prosecuted with unremitted attention, and that of the whole extent of the feeder which is between 5 and 6 miles, nearly 4 have been completed fit for the purpose of navigation. This unfinished work, the completion of the Aqueduct over Elk river, of bridges over three public roads, of one lock and waste weir near the intended Reservoir, with sundry culverts and small pieces of masonry, comprize all the operations necessary for compleating the whole of the Feeder.

These, it is presumed, may be accomplished during the present year, so as to leave the work of the main Canal the sole object of the ensuing one.

A Hurrican occurred on the 13th ult. about noon near Raleigh (N. C.) It was a hundred yards in breadth, and extended as far east and west as can be traced. Its effects have been truly dreadful. The largest trees torn up by the roots, or deprived of their tops; fences destroyed, and houses laid with the ground.

"The house of Pierre Chouteau, Esq. has been burned down to the ground in less than two hours. It was the best furnished house on this side of the Allegheny mountains. His loss must amount to 30,000 dollars, for he lost every thing."

Melancholy Occurrence. On the 2d inst. at Fredericktown (Maryland) between three and 4 o'clock in the morning, a thunder cloud passed over this town, from which a flash of lightning descended on the house of Joseph Doll, jun. and struck him dead in the entry, as he was going out, it is supposed, with the intention of placing some tubs to catch rain water.

A Boston paper advertises an aerial excursion, to be exhibited on the fourth of next month, provided 4000 dollars be previously subscribed for compensating the discoverer. The exhibition is to be, a man flying in the air detached from every thing but his wings, &c. He is to rise from 100 to 150 feet in the air, and fly with ease and security.

Interments in the different burial grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 8th.—Adults 13—Children 8—Total 21.

Thirty-four deaths occured in the city of New-York during the last week, ending the 8th inst.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received two pieces in reply to the ENQUIRER, in our last. They came too late for insertion this week; but as we think them both worthy, they shall receive admission in due succession. CAMILLA is designed to fill a nook in our next. Her persevering intention we approve of, and would by no means stand in the way of her desire of improvement.

AGRICOLA is not quite as successful in his *Morning Walk* as on a former occasion. He is too desultory both in his thoughts, and versification, which resembles rather a jumble of rhyme than the sweetly varied numbers of *Burns* or *Pindar*. PHOEBUS shines not with the splendour of the ruler of day. His tiny Ballad is inadmissible.

In those nameless lines which seem intended to represent a parting scene, the feeling heart is so strongly pourtrayed that we regret the necessity of suspending its insertion, until the gentle author shall have amended its imperfections, erased what is wrong, and added what is wanting to make the whole complete.

NEIGHBOUR WINROW'S *advice* and several other selected pieces of value are received; and we acknowledge the kindness of the contributors.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH RAKESTRAW, & CO.
NO. 84, NORTH FRONT-STREET,
Where Subscriptions and Communications will be received.
Subscriptions will also be received at BENJAMIN JOHNSON'S *Book-Store, No.* 31, *Market-Street.*